

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XIX.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1891.

NO. 18

LONDON LAUREL COUNTY.

—J. T. Gibson, supposed to be the wealthiest merchant of Knox county, made an assignment last night at Barberville.

—To Happy Jack:—A maxim to add to your list published last week, "Beware of the man who gives you a drink of liquor and then asks a favor of you."

—T. J. Johnson and Miller John Jones have bought out the depot store owned by Moses Parsley and will continue business there in connection with their saw mills.

—I am told that \$1,800 was paid for a corner opposite the court house square six or ten feet. This amount was not paid as a boom price, but as a necessary demand from the growing business interest of the place. A large brick business house will be erected immediately.

—A. R. Dyche is in Jackson county attending circuit court. Mrs. Ellen Johnson and daughter, Ella, of Mt. Vernon, were visiting London Saturday and Sunday. Steve Jackson, of Texas, is in on a business trip. A Chelman, of London, was elected one of the council of administration at the G. A. R. Encampment at Frankfort last week. Judge M. M. Bennett, James Harkroad and Prof. Cheeseman attended from here.

—The following marriage license were issued since April 8: C. G. Steed to Nannie Adams; L. W. Cox to Lucy Hale, Albert Probst to Mary Geiser, James W. Brock to Eliza Stansberry; Fred Bungle to Emma Phenom; Wm. Anderson to Lillian Jones; J. W. Melburn to Susan Stanifer; Thomas Rush to Nancy Taylor, Frank Anderson to Melinda J. Pully; George L. Jones to Mrs. Roxey A. Chapman. Mr. and Mrs. Jones passed through London Sunday accompanied by a dozen or more couples. Mrs. Chapman is a daughter of Mr. Joe Leek.

—A large party of ladies and gentlemen left Sunday for Cumberland River below the falls on a fishing excursion of several days. The gentlemen were J. B. Eberlein, J. H. Jackson, Joe McKeer, George Reid, W. H. Carrier, Dr. Seales and family. Mrs. Lou Eberlein and Miss Mollie Jackson were also of the party. Another party went to Sublimity and they were Mr. and Mrs. Dave Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Mollie Pitman and Mrs. Maggie Jackson. They will remain a week. George Pitman and others, of Pittsburgh, left Saturday for the same place. The writer with E. H. Hackney, C. N. Scoville and W. A. Parsley spent two days at Dillion Switch and had a most enjoyable time catching plenty of small fish and one nice cat. Capt. Dillon is as clever a man as lives in the State and the party will always feel thankful for his kindness.

—There were more democrats at our convention Saturday than at any in my remembrance and everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all. The court-house was crowded with the democrats from out of town decidedly in the majority. Heretofore usually the conventions were only a matter of form, a committee being appointed to bring in resolutions which were already prepared and readily endorsed, but this time it was entirely different. The nominees were in doubt except for governor which was generally conceded for Hardin, Norman's friends, or rather Warren's enemies, who were composed mostly of the democrats who generally have their way, were greatly disappointed and their defeat was hardly expected by them. The instruction for Smith was a surprise for me and that was due solely to the exceedingly fine and quiet work of Mr. E. H. Hackney. Thompson should have had second instructions as his supporters were second in number, but the convention voted otherwise. The following resolutions were adopted:

—RESOLVED. That we renew our allegiance and undying faith in the principles of the democratic party, as enumerated in its national platform and that the democratic party is to be congratulated in securing the next national Congress of the United States and that we denounce the weak and unstable administration of President Harrison as the representative of the republican party.

—2. That, knowing the Hon. P. W. Hardin to be a man of the highest and best principles given to man by Almighty God, and knowing his fidelity to the democratic party and his work especially done for the democracy of Laurel county in the past, we instruct our delegates to cast the vote of Laurel county for him for governor of this State and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination. Our delegates are also instructed as follows: Second choice for governor, John Young Brown, Lieutenant-governor, first, James D. Black, of Knox, second, M. C. Alford; attorney general, first, Joe L. Ellison, second Jno. S. Rhea; auditor, R. C. Warren, first, L. C. Norman, second, treasurer, H. S. Hale; superintendent of public instruction, L. F. Smith, first, John O. Hodges, 2d, Z. Porter Thompson, 3d; register of land office, Thos. H. Corbett; clerk of court of appeals, A. Addams.

—The delegates were then selected one at a time as follows: R. M. Jackson, George T. Farris, John Pearl, J. W. Bascom, R. B. Craft, Laurel having only five votes. Alternates for the above were selected by the convention separately as follows: Dave Jackson, A. L. Reid, R. Bowing, B. F. Riley and W. S.

Young. Uncle John Pitman, of Pittsburg, was made chairman. He is the oldest democrat in Laurel county and presided over the convention with dignity and impartiality and to the entire satisfaction of all present. The delegates were not selected mostly from London because of their prominence, but from the reason that all will attend the convention and will see that the wishes of the Laurel democracy will be carried out to the letter. C. R. Brock, George T. Farris, B. R. Bowing and Dave Jackson were the orators and did credit to themselves and their friends.

The Rockcastle Convention.

Pursuant to a call the democrats of Rockcastle met at the Court House in Mt. Vernon, at 2 o'clock p. m., May 24, the meeting was called to order by County Chairman C. C. Williams. Dr. J. J. Brown was chosen chairman and James Maret secretary. A committee on resolutions, consisting of Messrs. J. W. Brown, T. J. Ballard, H. N. Williams, G. W. Jones, Capt. P. J. Hart and W. H. Cook reported the following:

The democrats of Rockcastle county in Mass. Convention assembled reaffirming their faith in and their allegiance to the principles of the democratic party as set forth in the national platforms.

RESOLVED. That we approve the call made by the State democratic committee calling county conventions for this day to select and instruct delegates to the State convention which meets in the city of Louisville, May 13, 1891, to nominate candidates for the various State offices to be filled at the August election.

2. That we recognize in the Hon. P. W. Hardin all the necessary qualifications to eminently fit him for the exalted position of the State executive, and further recognizing the great work through his untiring efforts that he has performed for our party we most heartily instruct our delegates to the Louisville convention to cast the vote of this county for him for the nomination of governor so long as his name remains before the convention and to use all honorable means in their power to secure his nomination.

3. That in the Honorable Richard C. Warren, of Lincoln, we have the most abiding faith that he is capable, honorable, energetic and thoroughly equipped to acceptably and wisely discharge the duties of the office of State Auditor. Our delegates are instructed to vote for his nomination for that office as long as his name remains before the convention and to use all honorable means in their power to secure his nomination.

4. That upon all questions and nominations before the convention the delegates are not herein instructed on the vote of the county shall be cast as a unit, a majority of the delegates present in person directing how the vote is to cast.

5. That G. W. McClure, J. H. Vanhook, W. B. Adams, Dr. J. J. Brown, Mitchell Norton, F. L. Thompson, W. J. Sparks, D. C. Poynter, M. C. Williams, E. B. Smith, Jack Adams, Jr., W. M. Howard and T. J. Ballard are selected delegates to represent and cast the vote of this county in said convention.

6. That the vote of the county be cast for the Hon. Ed. Porter Thompson for the nomination for the office of superintendent of public instruction.

7. That the vote of this county be cast for the nomination of Mr. J. B. Swango for register of the land office.

8.—That the Mt. Vernon Signal and the INTERIOR JOURNAL be requested to blish the proceedings of this convention.

J. J. Brown,
James Maret, Secy.
Ch'm'n.

WILLOW GROVE.—When Mrs. Richard Cobb, Jr., killed three or four geese in succession and found in the craw of each silver dime, she almost arrived at the conclusion that she could raise a goose that would lay a golden egg. I also heard Mrs. Cobb state that her washerwoman, who is not yet 45 years old, is the proud possessor of 18 children. How's that for sticking to the Biblical injunction to multiply and replenish the earth?—Miss Maggie Gastineau is visiting relatives near Hustonville. The family of Mr. Thomas M. Lillard say that he is gradually sinking. Mr. F. D. Myers and family will move to the old homestead in a few days.

He had obtained a place in a real estate office, and was doing everything he could for the interest of his employer. The other evening he was at a social gathering and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at the selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward he said:

"I am glad you liked the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling them on terms to suit yourself within 12 minutes' ride of the city. If you don't want to live there it's the chance of your life for an investment."—Atlanta Journal.

"I should have bring my umbrella," remarked Mrs. Livewyate, a member of the Chicago Literary society.

"Bring?" asked Mrs. Laker, in a gentle, corrective tone.

"How stupid of me! Of course I meant 'hang.'"

A party of United States engineers are surveying the Tennessee river from Chattanooga to the mouth of the French Broad, a little above Knoxville, a distance of 200 miles, with a view to reporting upon the cost of opening it to navigation.

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LANCASER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—House cleaning is the order of the day and the good ladies are all hard at work.

—At this writing, 10 a. m., Monday, Judge W. H. Owlesley is very sick of his illness. He was taken, with pneumonia at Somerset last week, returned home to Lancaster, Thursday, driving over from Danville in the dampness of the night, thereby aggravating the disease. Judge Owlesley was born at Burkesville, Ky., Dec. 10, 1851, and graduated at Centre College in 1854. Two years after he graduated in the law department of the Louisville University and began at once a successful practice at his old home. He entered the Union service in 1861 as captain in company J, 1st Kentucky cavalry, but after a few months was transferred to the 5th and promoted to major. He participated in numerous important engagements, but resigned in 1862 to take the office of Commonwealth's attorney in this district, having moved to Lancaster and been elected by the democrats. He was again elected in 1868 and in 1874 his admiring constituency promoted him to circuit judge and kept him in that office for 12 years, making 24 years of continuous service, either as judge or attorney. In 1884 he was married to Miss Ellen Letcher, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and to them were born four children, Will, Letcher, Miss Ellen Graner and Casey. They with their mother survive, and in their loss the people of the whole State will join in sorrow, for he was widely known, having made a most creditable race for the democratic nomination for governor eight years ago.

Judge Owlesley was a natural lawyer, an honest and capable judge and a man of unbounded popularity. He drew men to him without any apparent effort and held them with hooks of steel. He had not an enemy except himself. His labors over, may he rest in peace.

—A brief telegram to Mr. A. C. Sine from Birmingham, Ala., received Sunday, told of the death of Mr. John Duderar at that place. No particulars were given, but it is supposed he died of heart disease, with which he had long suffered. Mr. Duderar married Mrs. Kate Smiley about 15 years ago and they have three living children. The corpse was to arrive by local freight last night.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brown have been called upon to mourn their first born. Little Hazel, only a few months old, has gone to join the angels and sympathetic hearts here grieve with the parents over the loss, which is their little one's eternal gain. The bereaved couple reside in Chicago.

—Mrs. Catherine McGoodwin, widow of the late J. K. McGoodwin, died at her home in Danville, aged about 74 years. She leaves seven children.

—Gen. Armitstead L. Long, who was Gen. Lee's Chief of Staff at the time of the surrender, died at Charlottesville, Va.

—Dr. J. B. Burke, one of Boyle county's oldest citizens, died last week, we learn from the Advocate.

—Winter Brewer, one of Mercer's best known citizens and her largest stock trader, is dead.

—Joshua Dunn, Sr., of Garrard, is dead at the ripe old age of 93.

—One iniquitous provision of the new tariff act prohibits the licensed manufacturers of the darker grades of sugar from establishing or operating a refinery in connection therewith. The design of this provision is unmistakably to assist the refiners' trust in maintaining a monopoly. Mr. E. Cunningham, of San Antonio, Texas, who is a large manufacturer of unrefined sugar, has applied for permission to establish a refinery, with a view to make a test case of this provision.

—A young man with a mathematical turn of mind, hands in the following to the American trotter: "At the time Axell was sold for \$105,000 he weighed 1,050 pounds; now you can see at a glance that it is exactly \$100 a pound. Pure silver is worth \$16 a pound and if the syndicate who purchased him had paid Mr. Williams in billion, it would require 6,562 pounds, or six times the weight of Axell a d 262 pounds over. Again, if the silver had been made into one block it would be a cubic mass one foot wide and ten feet long."

—The gripe is demoralizing, as well as a distressing and sometimes fatal malady if we may believe all is charged upon it. It has, according to the newspaper reports, driven a number of its victims to suicide, next to the commission of murder, and caused the blindness, deafness or insanity of others. The little microbe or germ that causes it must be a most terrible imp.

—If Mr. Wanamaker had to travel at the speed his boasted postal service often carries our letters, he would reach Washington again about the time Harrison is bounced from the presidential chair.

—"Gillioy: 'Are the people who live next door to you rich?' Gude Smith: 'I should say so. You ought to see the silverware they carry to the pawnbroker.'—Texas Siftings.

—Young is meditating a trip to Italy. With Reed and Quay both in that country Rudini would have some cause for demanding indemnity from the United States.

—There are 123 piano factories in the United States.

DEATHS' DOINGS.

—OWLESLEY.—Our people were shocked yesterday by the receipt of the sad intelligence of the death of Judge Mike H. Owlesley, for many of us had not heard of his illness. He was taken, with pneumonia at Somerset last week, returned home to Lancaster, Thursday, driving over from Danville in the dampness of the night, thereby aggravating the disease.

—At the appointed hour Saturday morning the chairman of the democratic county committee, J. B. Paxton, called the delegated convention to order and stated that its object was to nominate a democratic candidate for county judge and a representative in the legislature.

On motion he was made permanent chairman and W. P. Walton selected as secretary.

A call of delegates showed the following present: George D. Hopper, E. L. Porter, J. B. Paxton, W. G.

Welch, E. C. Walton, by proxy, L. L.

Dawson, Robert McAlister, T. D.

Newland, J. N. Menefee, John Bailey, H. T.

Bush, George Carter, J. M. Cook, J. G.

Weatherford, James Drye, J. H. Carter,

A. Crutchfield, J. M. Johnson, Otis

Newland, G. A. Pheasant, Curtis Gover,

J. B. Gilkerson, W. A. Carson, J. B.

Bailey, W. O. Hansford and others.

Nominations being in order Judge Hansford named Wallace E. Varnon for county judge and he was unanimously chosen.

UNANIMOUSLY NOMINATED.

W. E. Varnon for County Judge and D. S.

Edmiston for Representative.

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W. E. VARNON

Is a candidate to fill out unexpired term of County Judge made vacant by the death of Judge T. W. Varnon, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAS. B. MARTIN,

Of Glasgow, is a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, subject to the action of the Democracy.

RICHARD C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for Auditor of the State of Kentucky, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

FOR SALE!

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.
Published Every Tuesday and Friday

AT
\$2 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE
When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

Our Fine Premium Stallion,

RANDALL,

Will make the season of 1891 at our Livery Stable
in London, Ky.

At \$10 to Insure a Living Colt.

Randall is a beautiful bay, 15 hands high and foaled in 1885.

He is by Zelot by Hlawathin, he by Imp. Al-

lion; 2d dam by Mambrino Messenger, 3d dam by Jiff-

erson; 4th dam by Young's Jiff-

erson; 5th dam by Hunt's Commodore.

He was sired by Messenger Chief, Jr., by Mes-

senger; 2d dam by Mambrino Chief; 3d dam by

Mambrino Chief; 4th dam by Imp. Napoleon.

Messenger Chief was sired by Abdallah Pilot, 1st

dam by Mambrino Chief; 2d dam by Mam-

brino Chief; 3d dam by Mambrino Mes-

senger; 4th dam by Young's Jiff-

erson; 5th dam by Hunt's Commo-

dore; 6th dam by Red Lion.

Colt will stand for the season. We assume no

responsibility for accidents, but all care will be

taken to avoid them.

W. H. JACKSON & CO.,
London, Ky.

KING BOY.

King Boy is a dark bay, 4 years old, 16 hands

high and is an elegant combined horse.

He was sired by Horton's horse, he by Dr.

Herr's Mambrino King, dam by Steamboat owned by Chedwell, Jr., Virginia.

The dam was raised by Stephen Sampson, first

dam by Franklin, 2d dam by original Jim Hell,

by original Denmark, who ran 26 consecutive miles in a race at New Orleans; 4th

dam by Sir Ettott; 5th dam by Gray Eagle; 6th

dam by Buzzard.

Will make the season of 1891 at my farm, the

old Wm. Ball place, 5 miles from Stanford,

At \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

At the same place I will stand my fine young

SAM.

He is by an imported Spanish jack and has a fine

body and large bones. He will stand

At \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

A lion will be retained on colts till season mon-

ey due date.

I. S. PHILLIPS,
Stanford, Ky.

RINCOLD.

BY METROPOLITAN 1372,
Son of Rydsky's Hambletonian.

Dam, JOETTE, by Blood Chief, 292 Sire of Fair

in Robinson, 204.

Metropolitan, by Rydsky's Hambletonian, dam

Hyacinth by Volunteer, grandam Clara, dam of

Dr. and Mrs. Dickey, 2d dam by Imp. Dan-

Metropolitan, who is believed to be one of the

most brilliant stallions ever sired.

Hill's filly Sister Klein Victoria, sold at the Mc-

Ferran sale for \$2,000 highest price ever paid for

a brood mare. Rydsky's Hambletonian, 2d

brood mare, of which three were ever bought single,

sold at public sale for \$1,250, averaging \$600.

Blood Chief, by Blood's Black Hawk, dam Miss

Duncan by Scott's Highlander, grandam of

Imp. Dan, 3d dam by Imp. Dan, 4th dam by

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WHEN GREEK MET MEDE.

THE MARVELOUS DEEDS OF ONE DAY AT MARATHON.

The Men of Athens led by Miltiades quickly put a Persian Host to Rout and Founded the Glory of Greece—Marathon Saved European Civilization.

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MARATHON is placed at the head of the great decisive battles of the world because it settled the question whether European civilization should be dominated by ideas and customs forced in from the orient, the seat of firmly rooted despotism, a red, widespread indolence, or be free to develop from the fresh and energetic seeds of Greek and Roman culture. It was there that 192 heroic Greeks yielded their lives to purchase a victory whose fruits have blessed a hundred generations of European blood. The battlefield where Persia's victim hosts first bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' arms.

As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which uttered, to the heaven's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career;

The flying Medes his shaftless broken bow,
The fiery Greek, his red pulsing spear.

From Marathon, also, dated a new departure in the conduct of warfare, since of course a field so surprising in its results had its genius and its hero for the emulation of men who should come afterward. This was Miltiades, a citizen of Athens, who had been in the service of Darius the Mede, and had sharpened his wits as a soldier of fortune in some of the conquered colonies where he was a satrap of the Persian king. The Athenians forgave him grave sins and elected him one of the ten generals of their army, when he returned to them with a price upon his head for act of daring treachery to Darius.

The Persian army set out in the year 490 B.C. to punish Athens for having assisted Ionia in its rebellion against Asiatic usurpation and tyranny, and having conquered the neighboring Euboea and razed its city, Eretria, as an example of what would befall Athens, they landed on the plain of Marathon with over 100,000 men, intending to march upon Athens. The Athenians went out to meet them 10,000 strong, summoning their neighbors to lend a hand. The Spartans promised to do so, but religious scruples detained them, and the Plataeans sent 1,000 men to repay a similar service rendered some years before.

When the Athenian generals saw Darius' host before them and beheld their own work minister of opinion showed itself at once. The Persian troops up to this date had proved invincible in every contest waged against the Greeks, and the very name of Mede sent terror to the souls of the bravest sons of Hellas. The Athenians, however, had immense advantages in spite of their weak battalions, and five generals out of ten voted for an immediate battle. The Persians had landed on a low plain but slightly elevated from the beach, and the Greeks were upon a height that encircled the plain nearly from shore to shore. At the extremities of the height were marshes which at the season—autumn—were impassable for troops. Five of the generals assumed that, as the Persians had come to fight, they should be allowed to take the initiative and butt their heads against the Athenian spear that would await them at every turn. Besides, since the Spartans were coming up to add their fellows, it would be best to postpone action until their arrival at least.

On the other hand, five colleagues voted for immediate attack on the Persian camp. Miltiades headed this party and founded his opinion on his knowledge of the Persian troops, whom he deemed inferior to Greeks when the latter were well handled, and his belief in the uncertainty of human affairs, no matter how rose colored they might appear. Athens was twenty-two miles distant from Marathon, and there, safely hidden while better men were on the warpath, were factions of scheming men ready to betray the state into the hands of Darius for their own ends. An expelled tyrant of Athens, Hippias, was in the Persian camp instigating the warfare on his people in



GREEK FIGHTING MEN.

the hope of being reinstated as a satrap of the conqueror. Of course he had tools at work in Athens, and hence Miltiades believed that what might be gained by delay in the field would be lost in giving time for plotters to get up a fire in the rear.

The ten generals were evenly divided, and in such emergencies the war ruler had the deciding vote. That office was filled by an Athenian noble, Callimachus, who was listening gravely to the discussion of the generals. Miltiades appealed to him with some blunt, but forcible eloquence, to vote for an offensive policy. "It now rests with you, Callimachus," he said, "either to enslave Athens, or, by annulling her freedom, to win for yourself immortality of fame, such as not even Harmodius and Aristogiton have acquired; for never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as they are at this moment. If they bow the knee to those Medes they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer. But if Athens comes victorious out of this contest she has it in her to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently some factitious intrigue will dismisse the Athenians and the city will be betrayed to the Medes. But if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair play and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in an engagement."

Callimachus was won, and the other gen-

erals elected Miltiades chief for the campaign and acted under his orders.

The Persians meanwhile were doing nothing except to urge on Hippas behind the backs of the Greek soldiers. Miltiades counted upon the superiority in organization and armor of his soldiery and upon their patriotic enthusiasm. The situation demanded bold tactics. The custom of this time was to advance the whole line of battle slowly and steadily in uniform phalanx. But the field of Marathon was so broad as to call for an extended line, and Miltiades concentrated heavily on the wings and weakened the center. The formation of the ground favored his movements of preparation, unobserved by the enemy, until all was ready. Then the trumpet sounded, hymns and exhortations were chanted, and 11,000 spearmen rushed down the slope upon the unsuspecting Asiatics. The rapidity of movement was also an innovation, but the objections usually urged, that soldiers who go in on the run exhaust their wind before they get into action, would not apply to Athenians, who were trained runners from youth. Pompey in his time held to this objection, but Caesar knew that running excited the soldiers' courage and gave force to their blows.

The Persian army was composed of many mongrel hordes, nevertheless it had a substantial force of disciplined men under able leaders. The rush of the Athenians took all by surprise, and the irregulars, who all as mounted men, did not have time to get in line. The tuckets were heavily equipped, bearing spears, helmets, breastplates, shields, greaves and short swords. The Persians had no armor and only weaker shields, with short lances and dusters for weapons. The shock of the first attack broke down the front line of Persians, but they rallied and set to work to retrieve, individually and by weight of numbers, what they had lost in the surprise. The best Persian troops were in the center, and they succeeded in not only repulsing the Greek center, but in driving it back across the plain up a valley that divided the mountain-side. The Greek wings, however, had been successful, and had routed everything opposed to them. This was the turning point, and the faith of Miltiades in the organization of his soldiers was justified.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred victorious soldiers rush wildly in pursuit and go too far. Such a mistake at Marathon would have changed the history of the world. But the Greeks in both flanks



WARRIORS OF KING DAIRIS.

maintained perfect coolness, and when the work cut out for them was done, wheeled and united, and Miltiades placed himself at their head and led them upon the victorious Persian center. The discomfited Greek center, seeing thus, rallied and renewed the fight. The compact formation was the one for the new emergency, and Greek discipline enabled Miltiades to vary his tactics in the heat of action.

The solid ranks of the united columns of the Greeks and their heavy armor and superior equipment for fighting at close quarters defected every effort of the Asiatics, and finally the whole Persian host was in a rout. And at this time, the proper moment, the spirit of earnestness had come upon the Greeks by reason of their successful blows was given full play, and they pursued the shattered masses to the water's edge, and on them down in the ships drawn upon the beach for embarkation. Many ships were boarded and fired, and the Asiatics who had the temerity to offer resistance were drowned or slaughtered. The Greek loss was mainly sustained on the beach. Callimachus fell there, and also one of the ten generals. Seven Persian galleys were burned, and the rest quickly pushed off, bearing away a vast army, so far as numbers went, despite the enormous loss in battle.

But Miltiades' work was not ended. Athens was still exposed to treachery, and to the craft of Darius' able general, Datis. Hippias had been killed in the battle, but his emissaries might unwittingly betray the scantly garrisoned city to the Persians if summoned to do so while the Athenian army was at a distance. The hero of Marathon did not sit down on his laurels, but left a guard over the fabulous spoils of the field, and before daylight on the morning after the battle unstrung his weary soldiers on the heights above the city, where, to the amazement of the Persian leader, they lay in full view of his fleet as it entered the harbor of Athens after a rapid night's sail.

The victory was complete. The Persians withdrew, and the moral effect was such that Grecian courage never quailed and never yielded before the monster hordes of the Orient.

The Persian dead on the field were over six thousand, and great numbers were buried in the sea or burned in the ships. The Athenian dead, numbering only 192, were exceptionally honored by interment upon the battlefield, where a mound was raised over their bones, and ten columns were erected to commemorate the fallen of the ten tribes which took part in the battle. The Spartan re-enforcements to the number of 2,000 made a forced march of 150 miles in three days, but were too late to share in the glory. The tactics of Miltiades at Marathon have been a study for military men ever since. Had he adhered to Grecian custom and spread his men in a uniform line they would not have been able to strike a telling blow at any given point, and could have been broken with ease. Had he sent them in at a slow pace the Persians would have had time to form and offer stout resistance. The formation in heavy wings and a weak center was better than a strong center and light wings, because the center, even though successful, could have been flanked by the Persians with their ample forces and the favorable open ground on either side. Yet for all this it was the steadiness of the Greek wings in stopping the pursuit at the proper time and in re-forming to assail the Persian center that carried the day.

The Persian cavalry, believed to have been 10,000 strong, seem not to have put in a blow, although the Persians selected the plains of Marathon as a spot especially adapted for this arm of service, of which the Greeks had none.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

FRENCH MCKINLEYISM.

FRANCE IS REVISING HER TARIFF UPWARD.

Corrupted by McKinley's Example—High Tariff Agitation—French Industries Alarmed—Something for the American Farmer.

A year ago we were in the midst of the tariff excitement growing out of the McKinley bill. Committees of manufacturers were rushing back and forth in Washington, some pleading for duties to protect them from ruin, others pleading against proposed duties, likewise to avoid ruin.

France is now going through precisely the same experience, a commission having been appointed last year to revise the tariff. The French had caught the tariff gripe from us, and with them all to revise means to revise upward. This commission has been at work for months, and only recently it has brought in its report. Discussion has begun in the chamber of deputies and will continue till next fall. The tariff is to be ready to go into operation next February.

The chairman of the tariff commission is M. Meline, who may be called the French McKinley. He honors the ideas of our McKinley and parades them before the chamber of deputies in the garb of patriotism, much after the manner of our lord high tariff maker. He appeals to the example set by the United States as a sufficient reason why France should revise her tariff upward.

When our exports to France, therefore, are sent down by the new French tariff, our farmers must thank William McKinley, of Ohio, for having narrowed their foreign market. This M. Meline is thoroughly saturated with McKinley ideas. Here is a sentence from his report: "The best system for a country is that which secures for it the greatest amount of labor." Most people of ordinary common sense think that the best system is that which secures the greatest amount of commodities, are quite content to save their labor, and will even invent curious and cunning machinery to save labor. But McKinley and Meline think that it is labor that we need—more and more labor!

But McKinley is stirring up a storm of opposition in France. Last year, when we were about to pass the McKinley bill with very heavy duties on French products, the French made haste to put a duty of fifteen cents a bushel on our corn. The result of this, along with the rise in the price of corn, has been to close up a number of large distilleries in Bordeaux, Marseilles and other places, which were running mainly on corn imported from the United States. The great distillery at Marseilles has been closed up, and the stockholders decided to put it into liquidation. It used about 3,000 bushels of corn per day.

It is pointed out by a French journal that the distilleries of that country using corn had a capital of \$8,000,000, that they were in a most flourishing condition a year ago, but that after eight months of duties on foreign corn the distilleries are ruined. In view of these facts what a piece of grim humor for M. Meline to say in his report, "The producer does not ask for any privilege, he asks for only one thing, and that is justice!"

But the distillers are not the only people in France who have been stirred up by the tariff builders. In Calais, just across the Strait of Dover from England, the principal industry is the making of cotton lace and netting, the annual production of which amounts to \$14,000,000. The industry gives employment to 27,000 persons. Now, these laces are made of a kind of thread produced only in Nottingham, England. The spinners of France do not produce the thread at all, but M. Meline wants to make them spin that grade in order to make "more labor." Accordingly he puts a duty of thirty-seven to forty-six cents a pound on it.

But this is not all; the lace industry must bear a still greater burden. Its lace looms are not made in France at all, but M. Meline wants to create "more labor" for the French people. He does not want the French lace makers to use English looms, and so he performs a great feat of McKinleyism and raises the duty on lace looms, now \$100 each, to \$480.

Of course the lace makers protest vigorously against these burdens upon their industry. They point out that the existing duties on cotton thread have crippled the industry, 2,000 of the weavers having emigrated to foreign countries to carry with them the secrets of their trade.

Besides these cases the silk industries of Lyons, Saint Etienne and other places have protested against the proposed duty on raw silk, and the commission abandoned the proposal. But when the commission wanted to vote a duty upon silk goods, and when the great silk manufacturers of Lyons objected, the commission went ahead and voted the duty, thus protecting the manufacturers in spite of themselves.

A meeting of the paper, book and printing trade of Paris, too, was held to protest against the duties which would prove burdensome to their industry. The manufacturers of linen underwear, with an annual production of \$40,000,000, protested against the enormous duties on their material, which would thus be made to cost from five to seven times more than in Germany and Austria.

Thus goes the tariff war in France. It is but a repetition of what has been seen over and over again in our own country. So called statesmen, fancying that they know better than the people themselves what is best for them to do, step in with their nostrums of protection in order to give the people more work to do to meet their wants. It is the same old story everywhere. The liberty of the individual to buy and sell where he chooses is ruthlessly infringed, the many are taxed for the few, the powerful, the rich, get the lion's share, and the many weak are fleeced. Such is protection.

SPIRITUAL FASTING.

"IF SO BE YE HAVE TASTED THAT THE LORD IS GRACIOUS."

There Is No Logic That Will Replace a Christian Experience—Each Must Have His Own, Each Must Realize It for Himself—The Desires of the Heart.

A year ago we were in the midst of the tariff excitement growing out of the McKinley bill. Committees of manufacturers were rushing back and forth in Washington, some pleading for duties to protect them from ruin, others pleading against proposed duties, likewise to avoid ruin.

The term taste, used as a noun or a verb, is in the Bible employed to describe religious experience, and for this purpose it is a very expressive and significant term. If a man has an orange in his hand he cannot tell whether it is sweet or sour by simply looking at it or by handling it. He must actually taste of it, and then the resulting sensation will settle the question of quality. Precisely so is it with religious experience. Such experience is only truly gained by spiritually tasting of religion. Then the experience will come not as a theory, not as something merely conceived of, but as a heartfelt fact.

The Psalmist, for example, says, "How sweet are thy words to my taste! yes, sweeter than honey to my mouth" (Psalms cxix, 103). This language represents the spiritual delight and joy, the comfort and hope, of which piety is conscious when in thoughtful contact with the word of God as contained in the Holy Scriptures. Such piety actually tastes the word of God, and knows its qualities and relations to feeling by tasting, no one can possibly know them without the tasting process.

The difference on this subject between the sneering and scoffing infidel who really knows nothing about what he is sneering at, and the believing and devout student of the Bible, is heaven wide. The latter actually tastes of the power and blessing of that book, and feels the power and blessing in his own heart, and knows what they are by a happy and glorious experience, and is hence a judge of the Bible as the former is not and cannot be so long as he maintains the attitude of a scoffer.

So, also, the Psalmist says again, "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him" (Psalms xxxiv, 8). The Lord is always good and his tender mercies are over all his works, whether we taste or not; yet his goodness becomes a real fact in our experience and a source of comfort and joy to the heart only as we spiritually taste of it. The sinner who is overwhelmed with the burden of conscious sin, and fear of coming and deserved wrath, when he comes to God by penitence and faith and asks to be forgiven, and through Christ is forgiven, and then has the sense of pardoned sin imparted to his soul and the hope of glory substituted for his fears and anxieties tastes and sees and feels and knows that the Lord is good. He has a song on his lips responsive to the praises of his heart.

Forgiven sin is in his experience, and the light of God's countenance shines all through that experience. The feeling of his heart is that God is his friend, and that he will not fail to make good to him the gospel promise of salvation. The sweetest, purest and most select companionship of earthly life is that which he finds in God himself. He has no occasion for atheism or any form of infidelity as the antidote of fear. He can believe in the whole doctrine of the Bible God, and yet be hopeful and happy. He has tasted that the Lord is good.

"If so be," said Peter, "ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious" (1 Peter ii, 3). The context shows that by the term Lord, as here used, the apostle meant Christ—that Christ to whom he referred when he said, "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter i, 8). Here is a tasting of the gospel of Christ that only those who do the tasting can understand. The secret of the Lord in this respect is confined to those who believe in him and love him. Thoughtless, careless, Christless minds, filled to the brim with the follies, vanities, sensualities and sins of this world—yes, what do such minds know about the God-man of the gospel narrative, or about the grace of salvation as it comes from him? They have never "tasted that the Lord is gracious."

The dialect of Christian salvation is an unknown tongue. They have no experience that corresponds to tasting; and so long as they remain in such a mental attitude, they can have none. The melody of Christian piety is no melody to them. Some of them would find more music and more pleasure in the obscenities and profanities of a grog shop, or the brutality of a dog fight.

This matter of spiritual tasting is always personal. No one can do it for another, or transfer his own tasting to another. And no one can tell exactly what the tasting is until he does it for himself. Religious taste is always an affair of experience; and those who so live as not to have it are of necessity very poor judges of it. They may sharply criticize Christians in their way, yet they really know very little about Christianity, and experimentally nothing about it—Independent.

A day or two ago a drop of water lay in a pool on the city street. It was stained and soiled. But looking up, it saw the blue sky, and the pure heavens, and the white sunbeams dancing everywhere, and began to long for purity and for a nobler, worthier life. It looked up into the sky, and its longing became an earnest prayer to be made clean and beautiful. And its prayer was heard. Presently the little soiled drop was lifted out of the gutter into the air—higher and higher. Then the breeze caught it and it was wafted away, away, and by and by it rested in the bosom of a rose, a drop of pure, crystal dew. So God answers our prayers for holiness. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—J. R. Miller.

You must try to be good and amiable to everybody, and do not think that Christianity consists in a melancholy and morose life.—Lacordaire.



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SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., - - MAY 5, 1891

W. P. WALTON.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE unanimous nomination of Mr. D. B. Edmiston, of Crab Orchard, by the democracy of Lincoln, to represent the county in the next legislature, is a compliment worthily bestowed. Capable, affable, honest and trustworthy, he will make a representative of which all of us will be proud. There are a few democrats who say they cannot support him, because he ran against the democratic nominee for circuit clerk in 1874, whom he defeated, his popularity carrying the opposition ticket with him. We admit this was a grave offense, but Mr. Edmiston has atoned for it as far any man could be expected to do. Belonging to a republican family, it was but natural that his first inclinations should be in that direction and when importuned by older heads, and so-called democrats at that, to oppose the ticket they did not like, there is no wonder that the boy, for he was but little past his majority, should have yielded. But after he studied the principles of the two parties more he was convinced that he was on the wrong track, and at the following election he cast his vote for the democratic ticket, and this he has not failed to do for 17 years! If this is not a test of his earnestness in the cause, we would like to know what more could be demanded? Besides his advisers and supporters have not only been forgiven long ago, but welcomed back to the party and some of them given positions of honor and trust in it. Other men claiming to be democrats have not only scratched tickets, but bolted when it suited them and done even worse than either. These too have been forgiven and one or more honored with the party's endorsement for honorable and profitable offices. We do not think there will be occasion to insist much on the party supporting Mr. Edmiston. It will do so very cordially, but we write this to call the attention of those gentlemen who consider that he has committed the unpardonable sin to think how they have treated others, and then remember that consistency is jewel. We have no place to make for bolters. On the contrary, they are a class that we have no feeling for whatever, but we do insist on fair play and that no exception be made against Mr. Edmiston in the general amnesty that has prevailed all along the line.

Mr. WARREN has a letter from Mr. W. H. Brashear, of Bowling Green, which says that the delegates of Warren county are uninstructed, but as certain to vote for Mr. Warren as they are for Clay. As Warren is the home of Norton's commissioner of insurance our Dick scores a big victory in getting her 18 votes.

DAVIES went for Brown and Frey Woodson is very happy.

NEWSY NOTES.

—Barry Sullivan, the actor, is dead.

—The public debt statement is dated to show a decrease of \$1,514,327 last month.

—A cyclone at Paducah Sunday demolished the Methodist church and other buildings.

—Jiu Taylor, who killed Policeman Cook at Franklin, Tenn., was taken from the jail and hung.

—Ham Berge, who murdered Joe Bowlin in a cruel manner in Clay, has just been given a life sentence.

—Three girls were burned to death in a fireworks factory in New York by an explosion of powder.

—The Preston House, Fields' tin shop and the Hatten House at Catlettsburg burned last week; loss about \$10,000.

—Jim Burton shot and killed D. N. Logan at Harragate, Tenn., because he suspected him of intimacy with his wife.

—Senator Reagan's make the 5th resignation from the Senate since the war, the others being Conkling, Platt, Gordon and Edmunds.

—The prohibitionists will hold their State convention at Louisville on the 15th, when they will be able to see the tail end of the race.

—Bay county, Mich., has paid for 38,000 sparrows since the sparrow law went into effect, and it is claimed that these birds are getting decidedly scarce.

—Montgomery county's tax levy for county purposes has been fixed at 57 cents and the poll tax at \$3. The latter is double Lincoln's and the former 37 cents more.

—In obedience to Secretary Blaine's instructions, Mr. Blair returned to Washington. Mr. Blair says the Japanese mission will suit him just as well as the one in China.

—A California Chinaman refused to accept a paper dollar from the president in payment for a trinket. Mr. Harrison had to put up a silver dollar before the trade was consummated.

—Destructive pine forest fires are raging for miles about Millville, N. J., and the loss will be heavy. The fires have been burning for two days and many farm houses have been destroyed.

—John Carroll, a white man, has been sentenced at Mayfield to life imprisonment in the penitentiary for the murder of a negro in 1889. Carroll has recently been discharged as cured from the Western Kentucky Insane Asylum.

—All of Sells Bros.' circus tents were blown down by a storm at Titian, O., last week. The concert was in progress and some 20-odd persons were hurt, one or two fatally. The animal cages were overturned, but not of the dangerous ones got loose.

—U. S. District Judges have had their salaries raised, but can not raise the additional money, Congress having failed to appropriate it. This is like the case of giving Philadelphia a new mint without sending along the money to pay expenses.

THE result of Saturday's primaries are so mixed and indecisive that but little idea can be formed of the final outcome. Brown leads for governor in the instructed vote with 251 votes, Clay has 174, Clardy 96 and Hardin 139. Alford has no pronounced opposition for lieutenant governor. Norman for auditor leads with 314 votes, Warren comes next with 123, Green 91 and Blackburn 55. For attorney general Rhen is ahead of the hounds with 227 votes, Hendricks has 93, Gilbert 105 and Elliston 48. Hale for treasurer seems to have it all his own way. His vote is 261 to South's 96. Corbett has 194 for register of land office, Grant 67, Swango 64 and Bullock 49. For superintendent of public instruction Thompson has 194, Glenn 91, Smith 104, Hodges 17, Hunt 24, Overstreet 14 and so on. Addams for clerk of the court of appeals is credited with 235 votes, Martin has 153 and Shaw 34. It will thus be seen that no positive predictions can be made in any race and as there are many contested delegations a hot time is expected in the convention.

HON. R. C. WARREN returned home Sunday after an arduous canvass for the auditorship. He admits some disappointment on the result in a few counties, but on the whole he is pretty well satisfied and almost confident that he will receive the nomination. The number of instructed votes for him is 123 and he is absolutely confident that on the first ballot he will receive 213. A number of counties that are naturally his did not instruct for him, because they had candidates and numerous delegations besides are pledged to him. Norman leads of course in the instructed vote because he had the machinery, but he will likely not be able to add many more votes to his list. The chances for Mr. Warren seem fairly as good, to say the least, as any of the four, and his friends are confident that he will win the nomination for the office for which he is so well qualified and worthy.

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MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Samuel Adams and Miss Maggie Carson, both of the Preachersville neighborhood, eloped to Jellico last week and were married.

—Mr. C. H. Board and Miss Pearl Gallagher, of Harrodsburg, were married Thursday last and drove at once to this place where they spent several days occupying rooms at the Myers House. The groom is a good looking young fellow and his bride a beauty.

—A Chamber of Commerce has been organized at Middlesboro, with 123 members.

—At Frankfort Robert Dawson was caught and whirled around with a revolving shaft and dashed to pieces.

—Harrodsburg's new Opera House is about complete. It will seat 650 persons and will be opened by Lizzie Evans May 28.

—A large furniture store and the Bank of Allen building were burned at Scottsville Saturday. The fire was caused by rats and matches.

—The menu which lay beside President Harrison's plate at the San Francisco dinner was made of pure gold, weighed 100 pennyweights and was worth \$100.

—A woman of Atchison, Kas., placed a revolver at her husband's head and made him sign a pledge of total abstinence. Both revolver and husband were loaded at the time.

—The act repealing the special taxes on dealers in leaf and manufactured tobacco, cigars, etc., went into effect Friday. Its abolition will cause a decrease of \$1,600,000 annually in the government's revenue.

—W. B. Snooks, the bridegroom of the Louisvill wedding, where many persons were poisoned at the feast, died Thursday at the Burnet House, Cincinnati. This makes the 6th death. Mrs. Snooks is still at the point of death.

—The track foreman who is held responsible for the Old Colony railroad wreck, by which several Louisvill people lost their lives several months ago, was tried for manslaughter in the first degree at Dedham, Mass., but the jury failed to agree.

—At Del Rio, Tex., there was a murder little less horrible than the New York butchery. During her husband's absence a woman was assaulted by a Mexican and her body chopped to pieces. In letters of his victim's blood the murderer wrote "Fresh beef for sale" on the walls of the house.

—The yardmen of the Kentucky Lumber company at Williamsburg struck for the discharge of their foreman and an increase of 12 per cent. in wages. Other hands were sent for from Knoxville, but on their arrival were persuaded to return by the strikers, who paid all their expenses. This strike throws 300 men out of work, who are not in the strike. Manager McKee says the company will not entertain any proposition from the strikers now.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—Rev. E. M. Green, of Green, of Danville, and Rev. Ben Helm exchanged pulpits Sunday.

—The Enterprise says that the meeting at the Leavenworth Baptist church, held by Rev. A. S. Pettie, resulted in 39 additions.

—Rev. A. S. Motte is delivering a series of lectures on Palestine to his church every Sunday afternoon, which the Clipper compliments very highly.

—The growth of Methodism has been marvelous. When Wesley died his followers numbered 300,000; to-day there are 30,000,000 Methodists throughout the world.

—Bishop Thomas F. Dudley and Rev. W. Y. Sheppard arrived yesterday and are the guests of Col. and Mrs. W. G. Welch. The Bishop preached at the Methodist church last night.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—T. C. Ball sold to E. T. Pence 4 butcher cattle at 3 cents.

—Elder Tharp's meeting at George town resulted in 20 additions.

—Mrs. Annie Bangham sold to Bahr & Kahn 10 head butcher stuff at 2.85.

—Sam Reid, of Fayette, sold at \$65 a head 26 1,300-pound cattle, which he bought last fall at \$40.

—The Register says that T. D. Chea nault, of Madison, sold his crop of 2,000 bushels of wheat at \$1.10.

—Ed Jones sold to Mock Bros., of Boyle, a foal for Ferguson and a Gill's Vermont mare for \$25.

—Large shipments of fat cattle were made last week from the Owensboro distillery pens. They brought 44 and 5 cents and their owners made a fine profit.

—A. J. Hayden sold Jeff Jones a gelding for \$140; to W. H. Cummins a 3-year-old bay stallion by Silver King for \$250 and to Otis Newland a bay mare, for \$15.

—Maseua, a 15-year-old St. Lambert cow, in Canada, has just completed a 31-days' test in which she made 78 pounds of butter—an average of over 2½ pounds per day.

—At San Francisco in handicap for all ages, 13 miles, there were four starters. Hot Spur won in 3½ and the three other horses ran a dead heat for second place in 3:01, the fastest previous time.

—Bright Ferrill says he has 600 out of 3,000 hills of watermelons up, has planted 8 acres in Irish potatoes and will have 2 in cabbage. Returns from these ought to pay him better than politics, unless he makes more out of it than the average politician.

—John Carroll, a white man, has been sentenced at Mayfield to life imprisonment in the penitentiary for the murder of a negro in 1889. Carroll has recently been discharged as cured from the Western Kentucky Insane Asylum.

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SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., · · · · · MAY 5, 1891

R. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

MEANS BUSINESS.

ENGRAVING beautifully and artistically done at A. R. Penny's.

HAVE your watch, clock and jewelry repaired at A. R. Penny's. All work warranted.

REMEMBER that all silverware, watches, rings, &c., bought at A. R. Penny's will be engraved free of charge.

PERSONAL POINTS.

J. V. CLIFFORD spent Sunday in Louisville.

Mrs. J. W. ALCOH and Sophie went to Somerset Friday.

MISS MAGGIE HOCKEN and Sue Belle Douglas are visiting at Parksville.

Mr. J. S. OWSLEY, Jr., returned from Louisville Saturday night.

MR. AND MRS. HOWACK BROWN returned to New Albany yesterday.

MISS LAURA ELLIS has returned from a visit to her mother in Louisville.

MISS THOMAS METCALF, of Lexington, is with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Foster.

Mr. CURTIS EGERTH, of Bacon & Sons, Louisville, is visiting friends here.

MISS LUZIK DAVISON went to Louisville Sunday to spend several weeks.

MESSRS. ED JONES and E. C. Walton have returned from the Lexington races.

W. E. MCANALLY, of Knoxville, is visiting his sister, Miss Laura, at the College.

MISS VIRGINIA BOWMAN and Fannie Shanks have returned to Hamilton College.

Mr. L. B. COOK, of Stanford, was here Monday and Tuesday—Somerset Reporter.

Mr. T. A. Bunn, of Todd county, has been visiting his father and brother in this country.

Mrs. AMERICA BAILEY, after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Lou Shanks, went to Lexington yesterday.

The Misses Shanks will entertain Wednesday at 8 p.m. in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joel T. Embry.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. BRADLEY, of Harrisburg, came up Sunday to see his sister, Mrs. John L. Elkin, who is improving.

Mr. J. P. SANDLER has been chosen councilman at Middleboro, and the News takes occasion to pay him a well-deserved compliment.

Mr. SAM HICKS, of Somerset, was here yesterday en route to Lexington with some promising trotters, which he will have trained.

Mr. S. H. CASEY arrived Sunday from his home in Missouri to see his mother, Mrs. Mary Baney, who has been very sick, but was better last night.

MISS FANNIE DUNN spread an elegant supper Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joel T. Embry and a few friends, which was duly discussed and greatly enjoyed.

JUDGE M. P. SAWLEY left this morning for Knoxville, where he and Mr. George E. Stone have formed a law partnership. The judge will not move his family, but be with us often.

Miss MAGGIE INGLES, of Paris, who visited Hustonville during the last fair, writes to a friend at that place that she is in New York making preparations to star in a dramatic company.

Mr. BONAS, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL staff, is still raising democrats. He bears up admirably under his increasing fortune. I congratulate the gentleman.—Mr. Aleorn in Danville Advocate.

PHOR. T. M. GOOSRIGHT, who was a candidate four years ago for superintendent of public instructions, is for E. Porter Thompson this time and has been making quite an active campaign for him.

Mr. T. F. SPINK, of Needles, Cal., remembers us with a copy of the San Francisco Examiner, which was prepared in honor of the president's visit. It consists of 24 pages and is profusely illustrated.

Mrs. L. F. SPEEKE, of Hustonville, is studying pharmacy in her husband's drug store, preparatory to taking a course of lectures in Louisville next winter. Women make very accurate prescriptionists and the business is admirably adapted to them.

MISS KITTY BANGHAM, who has been attending the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati and who had gained 20 pounds in flesh during the session, was taken with the grip last week, after she thought herself proof against it, and had to come home. With a mother's hand to minister to her it is hoped she will soon recover.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Just received a fresh car-load of salt.

J. B. Foster.

NICK COTTAGE FOR RENT.—Apply to T. M. Goodknight.

Don't fail to see our line of gents' underwear. Severance & Son.

JUST ARRIVED.—A fresh car-load of salt at B. K. & W. H. Wearen's.

BORS, to the wife of Mr. W. B. McRoberts, on Saturday, a daughter.

Our readers will please excuse us. We were just forced by a press of matter to double up after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

SEE our 46 inch black Henrietta, 75 ft. Severeance & Son.

NOVELTIES in lamps just received at Farris & Hardin's.

SODA WATER, the best ever made, now ready at W. B. McRoberts'.

WANTED, 100,000 pounds wool. Highest cash market price. A. T. Nunnelley, Stanford.

A RESIDENCE with 9 rooms and garden attached, on Lower Main street, for rent, Mrs. N. A. Tyree.

I WANT 25 good carpenters at once to whom I will pay good wages. Address B. C. Bradley, Harrodsburg.

A SUMMER of changes in the schedule of the C. S. went into effect Sunday, but we were unable to procure a time card.

BOYK instructed for Hardin, Gilbert and Warren. The contest was between Clay and Hardin, Brown not being mentioned.

MR. F. M. WAKE will act as my agent at McKinney and will pay the highest cash price for wool. See one of us before selling. A. T. Nunnelley.

WE have made the necessary arrangements to handle ice this season. Special prices to parties buying in quantities. Ice delivered at the door every morning. Call and get prices. M. F. Elkin & Co.

JUDGE HANSDORF took the trouble to defend his townsmen on the slurs made by John Miller in his speech, which we publish by request, but it was a waste of breath. Nobody takes anything seriously that "Happy Jack" says, though we must admit he shows more bitterness than we thought him guilty of.

THE beauties of our mail system are exemplified in the fact that it took the men of Judge Varmon from Friday till yesterday to come from Cincinnati and Mr. Edmiston's, seat at the same time has not shown up yet. We intended that both should appear in this issue, but man proposes and the mail disposes.

We neglected to refer to the excellent serial story which began in our last issue, entitled "A Romance of the Two Brothers," by Edgar Fawcett. It will require a month or more to print it all and it will appear regularly in our Friday editions till some time in June. Don't fail to read it.

DR. HALL lectured for very small audience here Thursday night. He is brimming over with humor, as full of antics as a clown and seems to have been especially designed for the end man of a minstrel troupe. With all this he worked in semi-good, solid thoughts and seemed to please his hearers very much.

AS Judge LaFayette, Jr., was driving one of his fine young mares to his cart, she became frightened near Mrs. Helm's, and running off, the vehicle was overturned and he was thrown to the ground, receiving several severe cuts on the face and head. The mare kicked out of the traces and dashing into town, ran into the barbed wire fence at Dr. Elkins' and was badly scared up.

AT THE close of a prosperous four months' term Mr. R. Lee Davis' select school at Green Hill closed Saturday with a distribution of prizes and a treat of fruits and confectionaries. Among those who received prizes were Misses Allie Fish, Henry Fish and Pearl Collier and Mr. Guy Fish and Master Thomas Collier. Mr. Davis is one of the best teachers in the county and is daily improving. He is a hard student, a voracious reader of the better class of literature and is well informed on all subjects. It is a pity he can not be kept closer at work, teaching the young idea how to shoot.

THE mass convention Saturday was a very large and enthusiastic body of democrats, who had come from all over the county to show their love for Dick Warren and the unanimity in which they endorsed his candidacy for auditor proved near how it is to the hearts of the people of Lincoln. Two sets of resolutions were presented, as will be seen by the official report in another column, both of which strongly supported Warren, so the fight was entirely over who should be delegates. The list presented by Mr. Aleorn was made up of men, without regard to any other race, who are known to be such ardent supporters of Mr. Warren that they will subordinate any and all of them to advance his interests in every honorable way. The same confidence, owing to the activity of a number of Clay men, to drum up a crowd for that gentleman was not felt in the list offered by Mr. Miller. A big majority, whether justly or not, thought there was a mouse concealed somewhere in the meal sack and that the angular-coated mill covered a carefully disguised effort to stoke the delegation for one man against the three other candidates for governor, which was against the interests of Mr. Warren. It didn't work, however, and the Aleorn list was adopted by a majority of 50 or more amid great enthusiasm. In the list of delegates chosen are men for all of the candidates for governor, but they are for Dick Warren first, last and all the time and will do their level best to secure his nomination. No personalities were indulged in during the meeting and everybody went away either happy or pretty well satisfied with the result.

RESOLVED, by the democracy of Lincoln county in mass meeting assembled,

1. That we approve and ratify the call for a State democratic convention, to be held at Louisville on the 13th day of May, 1891.

2. We appoint the following named gentlemen delegates to said convention to represent Lincoln county therein:

THE Louisville store will pay the highest market prices for eggs.

THE rain Saturday night was light, but it laid the dust and helped vegetation some.

SEE A. T. Nunnelley's binders before you buy as he is representing The Wm. Deering Co., the best made.

A LITTLE child of Mr. Ross Hiatt, at Rowland, has the scarlet fever. Mrs. Hiatt is a sister of Mrs. Mattie Nevins, of this place.

GEORGE PORTMAN caught a gar measuring 52 inches from tip to tip and weighing 16 pounds while fishing in Green River, near Liberty, last week.

A REPORT that Judge Hansford had died suddenly was current here yesterday, but it grew no doubt of a confounding of his name with Judge Owlesley's. A dispatch from Crab Orchard soon dispelled the gloom that the report had occasioned.

THE unanimous nomination of Judge W. E. Vernon to fill the unexpired term of his father for county judge, is both proper and deserving. The judge has filled the office by election of the magistrates since January and given evidence that he is a worthy successor of his father.

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STANFORD—A. K. DENNY, T. P. HILL, W. P. WALTON, W. E. VARNON, W. G. WELCH, CRAB ORCHARD—JOHN R. BAILEY and J. B. GILKISON.

WALNUT FLAT—W. P. GRIMES.

TURNERSVILLE—JAMES M. CARTER, DR. GREEN MOORE.

HASTONVILLE—DR. H. BROWN, JAS. B. COOK.

HIGHLAND—C. J. HENSLEY.

WAYNESBURG—W. F. CAMDEN.

KINGSVILLE—W. L. McCARTY.

HUBBLE—R. R. GENTRY.

And if any of the named delegates should fail to be able to attend, those present are authorized to fill such vacancies.

3. The democracy of Lincoln, with cordial unanimity and earnestness, commends as in every way worthy and qualified her candidate for Auditor of State, the Hon. R. C. WARREN, and instructs her delegates to the said convention to cast her solid vote for him and to endeavor by all fair and legitimate means to secure his nomination for that office.

Mr. W. H. MILLER immediately arose and proposed the following substitute:

RESOLVED, 1. Recognizing organization as essential to party success, we approve of the calling of the State convention to be held on the 13th day of May, 1891, to nominate democratic candidates for State offices to be filled at the August election, 1891, and we hereby pledge the loyal and unqualified support of the democracy of Lincoln county to the nominees which said convention may select.

2. We congratulate not only the democracy, but the whole people of the entire country, upon the great and glorious victory achieved by the democratic party at the November election, 1890.

3. We most earnestly recommend to the democracy of Kentucky our fellow countryman, Hon. R. C. Warren, as a suitable candidate for State auditor, and as a gentleman in every respect qualified to fill this most important office, hereby commanding him not only as a loyal democrat, but one who has rendered faithful services to the party in every emergency, and a man of the highest integrity in all positions of trust and confidence, and we hereby present his name to the convention as our candidate for that office, and ask for him the nomination, and our delegates are instructed to vote for him and use all honorable means to secure his nomination.

4. A. C. ROBINSON, J. E. LYNN, J. M. COOK, ISAAC SHELLBY, J. H. CARTER, J. M. CARTER, W. A. CARSON, R. H. BRONAH, R. R. GENTRY, W. C. BARNETT, HUGH SARGENT, W. G. WELCH, T. P. HILL, J. W. ALCORN, W. H. TRAYLOR and BRIGHT FERRILL are hereby appointed delegates to said convention.

S. S. MYERS moved that the substitute be tabled, but on it being suggested that a division and count on the two resolutions be taken at once would shorten and simplify matters, the motion to table was withdrawn and the house divided, when the count showed that the Aleorn resolutions had a majority, according to the Miller teller, of 50 and to the Aleorn teller of 18. The result was then ratified by the body and on motion the convention adjourned.

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STANFORD, KY., - MAY 5, 1891

W. P. WALTON.

Novelties in Jewelry.

Matchboxes bearing the appearance of antique silver, even to the ragged indentations on all sides, are shown.

The prevailing taste is for brooches of delicate white enamel scrolls, interspersed with diamonds and pearls.

Of recent make is a lizard skin card case, ornamented in silver, with acorners close on the heels of a fleeing hare.

A brooch affording delight to many is made as an ear of corn composed entirely of pearls, with leaves of enamel and gold.

The rage for souvenir spoons knows no limit. A late comer is topped by a fleur-de-lis springing from a spiral handle.

An eight-pointed diamond star surrounded by a chain of chased and plain links is a brooch affected by New York's fashion.

Two circles of diamonds interlocking and spanned by a bar containing three magnificent rubies compose a brooch with admirers aplenty.

Among some favored devices in brooches is a gold belt with turquoise buckle inclosing a bunch of lilies of the valley in enamel and gold.

A quaint addition to sugar sifters represents in silver a broad leaf hollowed in the form of a bowl, its handle being supplied by a twisted stem.

A Union Square jeweler has on exhibition a pair of diamond earrings weighing 8 carats each, and for which he asks the modest sum of \$3,500.

Numbered among fanciful hair-pin tops is a crescent composed of enamel daisies on a gold background, a diamond resting in the centre of each flower.

At a reception recently, one of the guests wore a brooch formed of four flies composed of moonstones and pearls, clustered around a square block of crystals.

In the display of serpent rings just now before the public, one formed of three scaly monsters, with the head of each beautified by a diamond, claims particular attention.—Jeweler's Review.

The report that a 250-pound catfish has been caught with a hook and line in Cumberland River indicates that the vernal fish-fair is neither dead nor sleeping, but in his usual health and spirits—more especially spirits—and doing business at the same old stand on the river banks. No liar, unless it peradventure be the old milch cow Ananias, can compare or compete with her piscatorial prevaricator.—Georgetown Times

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.

A ROMANCE OF

TWO BROTHERS

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

A THRILLING STORY

Full of Startling Incidents.

CHAPTER II.

She watched him for a few seconds as though it had suddenly become known to her that he had gone mad. Then, obeying a little gesture that he made, she followed him and went with him into the dusty, belittered room where he had squandered, as it seemed to her, so many half-idle hours. Maynard closed the window, for too strong a breeze blew into the chamber. As he did so he watched a sunset that was simply one luminous orange haze, against which rose clusters of those red chimney-pots which invest with charm the forlornest London purloins. Then he suddenly turned, and saw that his wife had seated herself. This seemed a concession, and he at once paid heed to it by dropping into a seat opposite her. She did not look conciliatory; she did not even look indulgent. But he strove not to care how she either looked or felt, and flung one hand with intimate abandonment toward the chaos of scientific utensils that filled the room.

"You see all these, Georgina? Well, I've gathered more than you guess from my long association with them. I need not tell you how strong was my passion for science when I first came over sea to Cambridge. At Columbia College in New York I had convinced myself that I could excel as a chemist, a physicist, a man of eager search into the actual."

"Oh, you need not tell me this, Egbert. I know it well enough. Why should I not?"

"But you thought it all waste of time after you had—I mean, after we were married. . . . Well, pursuing these studies, I became specially fond of the wonderful and enticing ways of electricity. It happened, about four years ago, that I employed this great and mystic force during a series of essays in the line of chemical analysis. One day I drew back frightened from the result of a certain experiment."

"Frightened?" repeated Georgina. She was clearly interested.

Instantly Maynard felt himself thrallled by a very enthusiasm of narration. He again began to speak with great nimbleness of tongue, but with sorry disregard of his auditor. Presently Georgina stopped him, a ring of fatigue in her tones.

"I don't understand your technical terms, Egbert. They confuse me. But am I right in deducing from what you've already said that you found a certain new kind of electricity never even conceived of before?"

He nodded eagerly. "Yes—yes; that's just it. I'll be simpler; I should have been simpler when I first spoke. Of course you have seen toward what my preamble tended; you're too intelligent not to have seen. One single eternal

ment had yet to be taken. He spent several hours of feverish work in his laboratory that night and went to bed feeling strangely feeble. The next day he visited a certain famous London physician, who told him things which he no sooner heard than he began to doubt them, after the fashion of countless consumptives. The mortal who suffers from any pulmonary ill seldom can see his own threatening doom. Still a young man, Maynard had been attacked with an arterio hemorrhage whose effects absolute rest might have appeared though never cured. But rest of any sort was precisely what he now refused to take. A double incentive hereafter swayed him. He desired to perfect his unparalleled drug, and he desired to use it upon his own impaired body. It could not endow him, he argued, with immunity from future disease, but it might prolong his life for many a decade by the intense nutriment it gave to other organs than those already harmed.

His wife watched his labors with cold disinterest. She perceived that his health was failing; he had never borne the look of a man free from all lurking malady, and now his glassy eyes and sunken cheeks told a somber tale. Always previously willing that his boys should go and come as they chose during his studies and experiments, he got into the habit of exiling them from his presence while he brooded and toiled. The two little fellows loved him very dearly and resented being thus proscribed. He would endeavor, at intervals, to console them for this hated denial, but often while giving them the fatherly caresses for which they both hungered in their pretty eagerness, he would either discern or fancy that he discerned, a sort of smoldering disapproval on the part of their mother.

One day he said to himself, with a wild gladness: "It is found! I knew victory was waiting just beyond my reach, and I have put forth the one-needed effort and grasped it!" That evening he poured into a large flask what he felt even more than firmly convinced was the energy, wonderfully materialized and liquefied, which permeated, in its vital sovereignty, the entire universe. He was very unversed and exhausted; he had worked for many hours without the least pause. It was nearly midnight, and he went to one of his windows, raising it recklessly, and letting a raw wind blow into the chamber from a clouded, opaque sky. On the sill of the window (which he forgot to close) was a wilted rose-bush in a common earthen pot. He drew the plant in from its cheerless ledge of shelter, and poured round its root some of the fluid which he had so lately distilled. Then he took a glass and made himself a potion from the same source. He seated himself beside the table on which he had placed the plant. He was about to tilt the glass to his lips when something that a sinner and less passionately excited mind might have called a mere vision of its own over-wrought powers, burst upon him with delicious violence of confirmation. The drooping stems revived; the faded leaves grew hardy and green; at the ends of the slim stems buds broke, and then swelled until pink petals gleamed between their dividing segments. At once these petals unfurled, and rich roses were born. It was the magic of the fairy tale suddenly turned real; it was the giving to necromancy an every-day gear.

But now what had suddenly happened? Maynard, with colorless face and straining eyes, leaned forward. The rose-bush was again its previous withered self. Just the same old dry, thorny stalk, and the same effete, blighted leafage! What did this re-transformation mean? Had he dreamed the fanciful and waked to the real? . . . In another moment he rose, staggering; his brain whirled, and it seemed as if the floor dropped away from him in gulfs of darkness. Groping for the bell-rope, he pulled it twice or thrice. Then he sank It was not with any sense of painful fall, however; it was more as if arms caught him and let him gently down in their embrace. But he passionately recollected and craved the fluid. Where had he left it? Ah, he was incapable of thinking where. And yet he so wanted it, he so wanted it! . . . But soon afterward—even sooner than his wife came hurrying into the room—he had ceased to know if he wanted it or not.

A great vein had burst. His life hung by a thread for days. All this while he was unconscious. Then came a time during which he saw distorted shapes about his bed, and among them the familiar, yet altered face of his wife. He strove to ask her for that cherished flask; did he fail to make his meaning clear, after this, and promptly swept from the room. Maynard could have cursed himself for telling her. The breach between them seemed in a few short minutes abysmally to have widened. He might have known that her mind would have taken some such view of his grand project. Thenceforth every hint of old love perishes. The last remnant of tenderness for this woman had given place to a dread lest she might seek to thwart and balk his designs. But soon he had controlled such dread and even scoffed at it. Still, he felt humiliated, insulted, slapped on the cheek. Were it not for the boys, he told himself, he would never willingly look again on the face of his wife.

He went out into the breezy starlit garden, where his sons' laughter had lately rang. They had gone into the house now, and were perhaps being undressed for bed by their mother, who had always strictly enforced upon them early hours. Ah, such a mother! Maynard shuddered there in the chill of the nearing night, and as he shuddered a pain darted through his chest and he coughed. Then, in a little while, the handkerchief which he put to his lips grew stained, and somewhat copiously, with blood. A pang of fear now thrilled him. What if he should die before completing his transcendent work? He had had that cough for years, and been careless about it. Possibly the very agitation through which he had just passed had developed a furtive lung weakness of whose real existence he had been but vaguely aware.

The last step in his great accomplish-

ment had yet to be taken. He spent several hours of feverish work in his laboratory that night and went to bed feeling strangely feeble. The next day he visited a certain famous London physician, who told him things which he no sooner heard than he began to doubt them, after the fashion of countless consumptives. The mortal who suffers from any pulmonary ill seldom can see his own threatening doom. Still a young man, Maynard had been attacked with an arterio hemorrhage whose effects absolute rest might have appeared though never cured. But rest of any sort was precisely what he now refused to take. A double incentive hereafter swayed him. He desired to perfect his unparalleled drug, and he desired to use it upon his own impaired body. It could not endow him, he argued, with immunity from future disease, but it might prolong his life for many a decade by the intense nutriment it gave to other organs than those already harmed.

"But you must not speak; you must not try to speak. The doctor forbids it." He did not try to speak. He had begun to think of his beloved flask again. It might work marvels in him, though, of course, its fight with his disease must end in final defeat. Still, he wanted to do a certain thing regarding it. He yearned to enshrine the formula of its creative process in a sort of last will and testament for his eldest son, Sylvan. He wondered, as he lay there, mute and stirless, who "the doctor" was and whether she had not called in his beloved friend, Ross Thorndyke.

Presently he found this true. As Thorndyke stood at his bedside (a fair, tall, stately man of his own age) Maynard feebly stretched forth one hand.

The young doctor took it, but at once commanding, though softly, said:

"You mustn't speak, Egbert. I'll get you paper and pencil, old fellow. If there's any thing you *must* tell me, but it's a great deal better for you not to bother your head about anything in life for the next five days at least."

"I wish that you would bring me,"

Maynard was presently writing, "the large flask of white liquid which you will find in my study."

Thorndyke left the room and was gone a good while. "My dear Egbert," he said, on returning, "I can find no trace of the flask of which you speak. Could it possibly—" and while Maynard interrupted him with a quick negative he lifted into sharp evidence several phials which he had brought from the laboratory.

Maynard had absolute confidence in Ross Thorndyke. They had been warm friends at Cambridge, and in a manner had continued so ever since. Two qualities in the young physician had always won his devout respect: Thorndyke had a crystal reasoning power and a versatility of robust vigor. To be at once so lucid-minded and so honorable was in

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there in his speechless torture. What a fine steadiness his hand had! How his pen darted along the paper! After all, was he so ill as Ross Thorndyke had thought? Two pages already—four, five, six; why, in a little while every thing would be told. And such a vengeance on his thieving wife, who had dared to call this wondrous ruse from the locked vaults of science an insult to Omnipotence! "Never mind," he kept saying to himself, "if I do fail to recover the drug, Sylvan will get it. I'll make Ross Thorndyke swear he'll give it him when he's five-and-twenty. And I'll put a letter inside it, too—if my strength holds out, if I don't die here before I can fully bequeath to my eldest boy this peerless prize."

He did put a short letter inside the larger document. Then, lighting on an envelope of more than common size, he placed both within it and thrust the package thus made into a pocket of his gown. Secretly had he done this before the sound of a step reached him from the outer hall. It was his wife; he recognized it. Rising, he quietly fronted her as she entered the room, with his face like chalk and his big gray eyes full of scorn and wrath.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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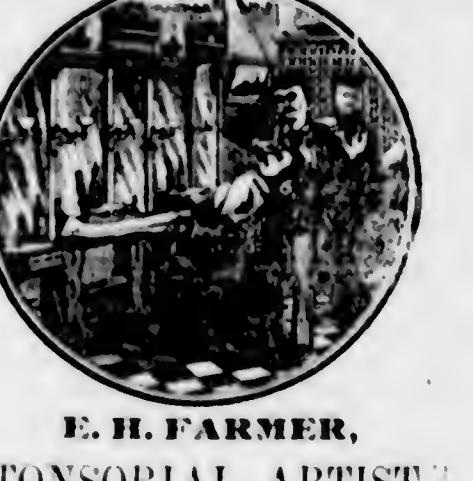
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A RUNNING FIGHT.

FORREST'S PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF STREIGHT'S UNION RAIDERS.

Streight Had Two Days' Start, but Forrest Rode Hard and Fast—Barrelled and Ambush and Burned Bridges Did Not Thwart the Pursuers.

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OLD troopers, booted and spurred, rode on many a wild ride in the southwest during the civil war, and many a wild ride in pursuit furnished adventure to the mounted men on the opposing side. The king of the raiders in that region was Forrest, the confederate. He always accomplished his purpose, and though taking risks that fairly dazzle the imagination, he never met with disaster. And if he could ride successfully he could also rope with raiders on the other side, as was shown in his running fight with a superior force under Col. A. D. Streight, of Rosecrans' army, in the spring of 1863.

Streight's expedition was fitted out to dash across the Tennessee river, in northwestern Alabama, reach the rear of Bragg's Confederate army, then stretched in form of an arch in southern central Tennessee to cover Chattanooga, and there tear up, burn and otherwise destroy railways, machine shops, factories and provision depots, or whatever else could be used to make easy paths for the fighting men. It proved a suspending contract.

The Confederates had a force of cavalry under Col. P. D. Roddy guarding the Tennessee where Streight was to cross over, and a heavy force of Union infantry and cavalry was sent to the region to clear the road for Streight. Roddy had about 1,500 men. Streight's force numbered 1,700, and his supports, under Gen. G. A. Dodge, about 5,000. In the emergency Bragg sent Forrest with his brigade to unite with Roddy and take care of the plucky raiders.

Streight marched from Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 28th of April, in a southeasterly course toward Monitton. Gen. Dodge had driven the Confederates beyond that point, but told Streight that Forrest was near his path, and then left him to take care of himself as best he could. The raiders pressed on from Monitton toward Blountsville, on Black Warrior river, and not until the 30th, while passing through a gap in Sand Mountain, did they feel the presence of any strong opposition.

Dodge's movement in strong force had held Forrest's attention along the Tennessee river until Streight was nearly a hundred miles away, galloping on toward Rome, Ga. Forrest at once prepared for the pursuit. He selected the lightest pieces of cannon, with the strongest horses and the best teams, and started on the morning of the 29th in the direction of Monitton. He was about two days behind Streight, but the friendliness of the people aided him, and by swift riding night and day he caught up with the raiders on the 30th at Sand Mountain, and at once pitched into their rear guard at the foot of the Monitton Gap. The Confederates had a preponderance of force at this point, but the situation compelled their leader to divide into two columns, one for direct pursuit and the other to lookout for the flanks and prevent Streight from turning and doubling. Forrest remained with the pursuing party, which consisted of two regiments and a battalion and one battery.

Streight posted his men on a ridge clinging to the rear and awaited the attack. Forrest moved up direct in front with two regiments, and personally led a dashing party to gain the rear of the raiders should they be driven back. The Confederate artillery advanced boldly, and Streight's forward companies retired before it. The Confederate Infantry charged, but were met with a blinding fire from concealed raiders and quickly fell back. Streight had two mountain howitzers, also concealed, and, sending confusion into Forrest's ranks with these, he ordered a charge, which effectively scattered the whole Confederate force. Two cannon, with carbines, and forty prisoners fell into Streight's hands.

The pluck of the raiders compelled Forrest to call in his dashing parties. Streight, however, did not wait to fight a battle, but took advantage of the hour to continue his ride southward. Forrest again sent out a sounding column to watch for the return of the raiders, and with two regiments dashed on in pursuit. Col. Roddy, with one regiment and one battalion, was sent back to the Tennessee again. A running fight followed, and Streight finally stood at bay behind a creek near Blountsville. It was plain to the raiders that their trial to Georgia was not to be a holiday affair. Their pursuers showed a persistence and dash equal to their own, and changed the position again and again. The fight lasted from dusk until 10 o'clock p.m., and at



A PERILOUS RIDE.

times the combatants were not over a hundred feet apart, and depended upon the flashing of weapons for light to live by. At last the Confederates made a desperate charge, which Streight repulsed by using up all the ammunition belonging to his captured canon. He spiked these guns and resumed his march forward toward Blountsville. Forrest's advance pursued boldly, but was twice led into ambush. At 10 o'clock on the 1st of May Streight was in Blountsville, having accomplished half his march and fought two severe battles.

In order to lighten his belongings he packed his ammunition upon mules and burned the wagons, and after gathering food supplies started for Gadsden on the Coosa. Forrest was about an hour behind, and between Blountsville and the east branch of the Black Warrior river, the raiders ambushed their pursuers again and

again. The latter were not to be repelled, however, and at the crossing of the river Streight found that he was so hard pushed that it required all his command to hold to cover the ford.

After crossing the Black Warrior Forrest weeded out his poorest animals and sent them with their riders back to Gadsden. Then also sent back all whom but two, and with about 300 men saddle spurred onward to gather the raiders. Before setting out on his attempt some of the Confederates were seen muddling in their seats to ready. Their leader made them a little speech in the presence of a number of women who had assembled to greet the column, and ended by asking all who were willing to follow to the end or die in trying to respond. They did so in a man with a ringing yell, and at a signal the raiders flew onward at a gallop.

The raiders were making good speed, and the pursuers found no easier game than the slender rear guard all the way to Gadsden and even beyond. At the crossing of Black creek, small tributary of the Coosa, Streight's rear guard crossed the bridge and planted themselves on the opposite bank to leave Forrest's men while he rose. It was broad daylight, the 2d of May, and the Confederate leader, anxious about it, but very cautious about exposing his men, was at a loss now to meet the difficulty. Finally one of a group of adoring women such as always hung about Forrest's ranks when halted the men kept out of view for fear of being held to fall in and fight—offered to guide him to an old ford where there was a chance of crossing. She was a comely young girl, and her mother tried to dissuade her, but it ended in her climbing to a seat behind the general. When the horse began to descend the steep, rough bank of the ravine the fair guide put her arms around Forrest's waist and bravely held on. In every way played the role of a heroine. When some of the butlers of Streight's sharpshooters whistled around the daring couple, and even raged at their clothing, the plucky miss laughingly said, "They've only wounded my clothing," and after a dozen like episodes the ford was pointed out. A few Confederates shelly quickly sent the Union guard a flying, and Forrest with much labor put his command across the ford and rapid stream in a couple of hours.

At Gadsden, three miles distant, Forrest found the debris of a quantity of arms and other military stores that the raiders had destroyed, but the bold riders themselves had impressed the fleetest horses they could reach, and made off in hot scampers toward Rome. Again Forrest divided his force, and taking 300 picked men and animals gave chase so rapidly that he caught up with Streight about 5 o'clock that day, after a fifteen mile race that startled the sleepy farming region as with a whirlwind.

The raiders had formed in line of battle, and their skirmishers answered the Confederate challenges most gallantly, showing a bold front only to lead their hot blooded pursuers into a well laid ambush. The skirmishers had formed in line of battle, and their skirmishers answered the Confederate challenges most gallantly, showing a bold front only to lead their hot blooded pursuers into a well laid ambush. The skirmishers had formed in line of battle, and their skirmishers answered the Confederate challenges most gallantly, showing a bold front only to lead their hot blooded pursuers into a well laid ambush.



ENOUGH TO DESTROY YOUR COMMAND IN THIRTY MINUTES.

They selected for the purpose a point where the road made a wide detour with a couple of sharp bends to avoid the rich, level fields of a plantation. The road was obstructed by barricades well manned, but the fence alongside had been leveled for the convenience of Forrest's men in blanketing the barricades. Beyond the field Streight posted 500 men in a thicket to shoot down the Confederates, who it was supposed would move with ducation and perhaps some confusion.

But Forrest closed up his ranks and charged with such celerity that he rode through the skirmishers and fell upon the men in ambush before they could arouse themselves to do execution. The raiders lost 50 men, and one of their best colonels was killed. Streight held on until dark, and then drew off toward Rome, where he had sent a force to hold the bridge until the main body should arrive. Forrest bivouacked his men and awaited the coming of the party left behind at Gadsden. On the morning of the 31st the Confederates mustered 500 effective men, and at an early hour got under way to follow up the pursuit. The route lay along the west bank of the Coosa, and at the first crossing, which was Gaylesville, the bridge was found in ashes. The raiders had passed over in the night, and had done their best to cut the company of Forrest's zealous troopers. But rolling rivers had no terrors for these men. They stripped to the skin and carried over the canon and ammunition, swam the horses across, and in an hour were in line on the east side ready for the march.

Streight had found himself obliged to halt his men for sleep and refreshment, and about 6 o'clock Forrest struck his bivouac. The raiders were so thoroughly worn out by their hard ride that when formed in line of battle they lay down and slept in the midst of a heavy skirmish fire. Forrest closed in on both flanks and center, and then demanded surrender "in order to stop the further effusion of blood." Streight asked that proof be given that the force opposed to him was numerically equal to his own, to which Forrest replied that he would not humiliate his men by such a course, for they had been equal to bating and driving the raiders in every engagement of the preceding three days.

At the moment Streight saw a section of Forrest's artillery galloping up inside the line established by the troops, and protested against its further advance, easily inferring of his opponent how little artillery he had. "Enough to destroy your command in thirty minutes," answered Forrest. After some further parley Streight consulted with his officers and decided to yield. He learned from the detachment that rode ahead to seize the bridge at Rome that the scheme was a failure. This left him completely powerless, as he had known for some time that he would be, unless he could beat Forrest in the race to Rome, cross the river there and leave his pursuers in the lurch by destroying the bridge. He surrendered 1,400 officers and men and had lost about 150 killed and wounded in his running fight.

Forrest received the thanks of the congress at Richmond for the "daring, skill and perseverance" exhibited in this mad but successful pursuit.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A FLUCTUATING FAITH.

OTHER KINDS OF FAITH; WEAK, BUT GOOD SO FAR.

The Intellect Alone Will Never Guide to a Saving Faith; the Heart Must Be Wounded Before There Can Be Spiritual Health.

There is a kind of faith which was produced by the Saviour's testimony, and had much of hope in it, and yet it never came to anything. There is a temporary faith which believes Jesus in a sense and after its own way of understanding him, or rather of misunderstanding him. A great deal of disbelief and misbelief is current at the present day. We are encouraged by certain persons to include in our churches all that have any sort of belief; and, indeed, the line is to be more inclusive still, for those who have no belief at all are to find an open door. The church of Christ is to be a menagerie of creatures of every kind. If ear if they come into this Noah's ark wild beasts will also go onto wild beasts. Only those who enter by the door of regeneration and spiritual faith will in very deed be within the kingdom of the Lord.

Gotthold went to visit a person in deep affliction and sorrow, and was told by the family that he would find him in the garden. Thither he followed, and found him employed in clearing a vine of its superfluous leaves. After a friendly salutation he inquired what he was doing. "I live," was the reply, "then owing to the abundant rain this vine is overgrown with wood and leaves, which prevents the sun from reaching and ripening the grapes. I am therefore pruning part of them that it may bring its fruit to maturity." Gotthold rejoined, "And do you find that in this operation the vine resists and opposes you? If not, why are you displeased that a gracious God should do to you what your vine must not be displeased that you do to it?" Beecher says: "Men think God is destroying them because he is punishing them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch, but it is not to break it, but to test it timely, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack."

Our Lord takes notice even of the lowest sort of faith. When he saw that these people believed him in a measure, and were willing to accept his testimony so far as they comprehended it, he looked upon them hopefully and spoke to them. Out of a weak and imperfect faith something better may arise. Saving faith in its secret beginnings may be continued in this common and doubtful faith. It is written, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Certainly he can find it if any one can. He has a very quick eye for faith. He deals with little faith as we used to do with a spark in the timber in the days of our boyhood. When we had struck a spark and it fell into the tinder—though it was a very tiny one—we watched it eagerly, we blew upon it softly, and we were zealous to increase it, so that we might kindle our match therewith.

When our Lord Jesus saw a tiny spark of faith in a man's heart, though it be quite insufficient of itself for salvation, yet he regards it with hope, and watches over it, haply, this little faith may grow to something more. It is the way of our compassionate Lord not to quench the smoldering flax nor break the bruised reed. If any of you have only a little faith now, and that marred by ignorance and prejudice, it may be like a connecting thread between you and Jesus, and the thread may thicken to a cable.

Our Lord addressed himself especially to these questionable believers. He turned from his assured disciples to look after those who were more in danger. It is clear that he encourages them, but he does not flatter them. He says "if." A great "if" hovered over them like a threatening cloud. Wisely does our Lord commence his word to them with "if." "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." Contingency is the sure test of the genuine believer. Our Lord does not say: "Go your way. You are not my disciples." But he in effect says: "I stand in doubt of you. The proof of your discipleship will be your persevering in your faith." If we say that we believe in Jesus we must prove it by abiding in believing and by still further believing.—Dr. Talmage in Christian Herald.

Look Up—Look Up!

Oh, doubting soul, tossed to and fro with fears and questionings, hast thou heard him thyself? Today thou art cast about for a faith, or searching for anchorage. It may be thou didst once believe because of another's testimony, and when the life contradicted the testimony thy faith perished. Or thou didst believe because of another's saying, but when death stilled the voice of the witness whispers of earthly doubt entered into thy soul and thy faith failed thee. Today thou cravest for faith, for rich assurance; thou wouldst have the voice of doubts silenced, the unrest of years changed to peace; thou seekest a faith that is simple, sublime, immovable. Such a faith must be gained at Christ's feet; it is found where he abides; it is granted to those who hear him themselves. "Arise! The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—Churchman.

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As a man advances in learning he becomes impressed with the meanness of his attainments. So humility will mark true progress in the Christian life. Where there is advance there will be a clearer perception of our own shortcomings and sinfulness. The more earnest and continued our struggle the more conscious shall we be of our own susceptibility to temptation and the necessity of vigilance and effort to overcome evil. Paul when he had made great progress felt more than ever the necessity of pressing toward the mark of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Christian Inquirer.

"His allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life." (II Kings, xxv, 30.)

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year, Child of the Master, faithful and dear—Choose not the cross for the coming week. For that is more to bid thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load; Thou may'st leave to thy gracious God, "Italy," only, he saith to thee,

"Take up thy cross and follow me!"

—New York Observer.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it—Charron.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Affecting Instances of God's Care for the Afflicted.

Spare not the stroke, do with us as thou wilt; Let there be enough unfinished, broken, maimed; Complete thy purpose, that we may become Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

It is natural for us to shrink from suffering, and yet how well we know that is but the scripture of discipline—the Master's own hand hewing and polishing with his skillful chisel. The hidden beauty must be brought out, the sweet music in our souls must be awakened. Is the cup bitter? Yes, but God holds it to our lips, and it is no poisoned draught. Is our temptation a great one? Jesus is our refuge—the tower wherein lies safety. Are we faint and weary? There is the living bread for us. Is the struggle long and the fight hot? Our Saviour is our shield.

Gotthold went to visit a person in deep affliction and sorrow, and was told by the family that he would find him in the garden. Thither he followed, and found him employed in clearing a vine of its superfluous leaves. After a friendly salutation he inquired what he was doing. "I live," was the reply, "then owing to the abundant rain this vine is overgrown with wood and leaves, which prevents the sun from reaching and ripening the grapes. I am therefore pruning part of them that it may bring its fruit to maturity." Gotthold rejoined, "And do you find that in this operation the vine resists and opposes you? If not, why are you displeased that a gracious God should do to you what your vine must not be displeased that you do to it?" Beecher says: "Men think God is destroying them because he is punishing them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch, but it is not to break it, but to test it timely, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack."

When Scoresby was selecting his men to accompany him in his arctic explorations he needed sailors that could stand the severest exposures, and who had nerve to bear the worst trials. So every man who applied to accompany the expedition was made to stand barefooted on a great block of ice while the surgeon examined his body and Scoresby inquired into his past history. Scores were rejected at once, as they had not the nerve to endure the test. The men who stood the trial made up a band of the most glorious heroes. A writer, in commenting on the above, says: "So sometimes God tries us when he has in store for us some great undertaking. Many faint and expose themselves from the start. Some endure, and make the heroes and leaders of the church."—Ernest Gilmore in Christian Work.

The Great Forty Days.

The forty days immediately succeeding the resurrection of our Lord are wholly unique in his life as the son of man. Never before had he been seen under similar conditions; he will never be seen again under like circumstances. He had risen from the dead, but was not yet glorified. He was the same son of man with whom his disciples had lived in fellowship before his death; but his resurrection had wrought a change in his relation to them, and in theirs. He was not glorified. He was the same son of man with whom his disciples had lived in fellowship before his death; but his resurrection had wrought a change in his relation to them, and in theirs.

They were not to know him after the flesh henceforth. The old intercourse based upon bodily recognitions was at an end. But before their purely spiritual fellowship with the ascended Lord began this brief and mediating season of intercourse was granted to them. It was not wholly like either the human fellowship of the past or the spiritual fellowship of the future, but partook of each part—a reminiscence of the one, a preparation for the other.

The relation of these days to the demonstration of the resurrection as a fact is of the first importance. It was during this period that those convictions of the reality of the risen Lord were begotten from which nothing thereafter was able to swerve the disciples. Their Lord appeared among them, at intervals, with such frequency and so variously as to dispel every doubt of his reality and identity.—Christian Inquirer.

The Victor.

Yesterday, distress and gloom Folded shroud and rock hewn tomb; Where today is light and bloom.

Brooding darkness yesterday On the spot where Jesus lay; Now the stone is rolled away.

And triumphant voices ring With the hymn the blessed sing; Death at last has lost its sting?

Lost its sting and lost its sway; Over today or yesterday? Where is now thy victory?

Where thy triumph, vanquishing grave? Seas of pardon softly have Soulds the Master rose to save.

And the Easter bells' glad strain Is for all who washed from stain, Rose henceforth o'er sin and pain;

—Mary Lowe Dickinson in a recent Easter card.

Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity—has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion; its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The urgencies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvoes of eternal victory.—Talmage.

Why, my friends, should you be ashamed to be getting old? It is prima facie evidence that you have behaved tolerably well, or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is very old.—Talmage.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

—AT—

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K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Howland at 7:00 a. m., returning at 5:20 p. m.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Main train going North..... 30 min.
" " " South..... 11 P.M.
Express train " South..... 3:30 A.M.
Local Freight North..... 6:50 A.M.
" " " South..... 5:20 P.M.
The latter trains also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

CRAB ORCHARD.

—Mr. Ward Moore gave a dance to his many friends on last Friday night. A good time was experienced.

—Mr. H. D. McClure has opened up a confectionery store and is running a soda fountain in connection. We wish him profitable business.

—W. S. Thompson bought a piece of land containing 3 1/2 acres, known as the Aaron Fish land, for \$101.55, sold by G. M. Davison, master commissioner, the auctioneer being Col. J. P. Chandler.

—Mr. Emanuel Minks' house, on the Stanford pile, about two miles out from town, was consumed by fire Sunday night about 12 o'clock. The fire caught from the kitchen stove; nothing saved but some bedding. Mr. Minks is a Mason and stands high with his neighbors. The Masons furnished him with provisions and will help him in any other way they can.

—Mr. William Oaks, of the Walnut Flat neighborhood, and Miss Pearlie Pollard, of this place, were married in Jellico on the 28th ult. Mr. John T. Bingaman and Miss Fannie Coulter will be married in the parlors of the Gilcher Hotel, Danville, this Tuesday evening, at 4 o'clock. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Robert H. Caldwell; the attendants are Mr. S. D. Magee and Miss Mary Curtis, Mr. Walter Garner and Miss Katie Curtis. Mr. Bingaman is a highly esteemed gentleman and we congratulate him upon securing such a prize. May their life be one of prosperity and a continual honeymoon.

—Prof. J. W. Smith took his whole school to Brown Spring on May 1 and spent a day of unalloyed happiness. The order of the day was dancing, base ball, rambles over the hills and dales and an excellent dinner. At 12 o'clock the professor made a few remarks and had a "Queen of May" chosen, who was little Lockie Dillon, and being of the primary department, the professor left the crowning of the queen to the teacher of that department, W. J. Edmiston, who, after a few remarks suitable to the occasion, crowned the Queen of May, who never looked sweeter than she did that day, with her crown of wild flowers. The day passed off quietly and pleasantly. Music by the Crab Orchard Cornet Band, which was splendid.

—Messrs. George Dinwiddie and J. S. Edmiston spent Saturday and Sunday in Hustonville with Mr. Dinwiddie's folks. Mr. William Yantis and daughter, of Arkansas, were on a visit to his father's last week. Mrs. Annie Gover, nee Singleton, and baby, of Stanford, were up to see her mother, Mrs. M. A. Singleton. Mrs. Minnie Boyd, of Lancaster was the guest of Mrs. W. H. Beazley Sunday and Monday. Misses Annie and Lizzie Menefee and Montie Harris, of Stanford, and Miss Maggie Tucker, of Maywood, four of Lincoln's belles, were in Crab Orchard Sunday. Mrs. J. T. Higgins and daughter, Susie, have returned from Middleboro to make this their home again. Misses Sallie and Florence Flora, of Stanford, were the guests of the Misses Curtis last week. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Mayfield are the guests of her father, Mr. William Stuart.

As for the feeling that we need rest, rest, it is often a fallacious one. It is action which makes muscle. The spirit of life enters into us when we take a vital part in to-day. Often we suffer from rest. A change of occupation is what we most need, as a rule, and the relief hours of an active person turn out to be very intelligent. We must rest, but we need not lose our electricity, which the will, the thought can command at all times, and which ought to be on guard, like an orderly, to summon us when we should become alert. Headaches evaporate if we must exert ourselves for those we love, or we must forget the pain, which is the same thing; and ill-temper cannot flourish unless we have idleness in which to reflect upon the woes belonging to some one else. With energy leading the way, ennui lifts from the horizon and we see color and distance again. There are women who labor day by day in hunger and despair. It seems as if others might labor in comfort and health, instead of sitting down to lassitude and sighs.—Harper's Bazaar.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.—Frank Clark—There goes Kitty Winslow. She is one of the prettiest girls in New York.

Milly Taite—Indeed! You would hardly think it to look at her, would you? —Puck.

An agricultural editor says that the best article he ever saw on milk is cream. Some city people think it was not very widely copied.—Lowell Courier.

Teachers' Association.

As was announced, the Lincoln County Teachers' Association convened at Moreland recently, but in the town hall instead of the church. The attendance on the part of the patrons was not as large as was expected, but those who were there gave their undivided attention to what was said, which showed that they were much interested in the school work. About the usual number of teachers were present and they performed their duty with such tenacity and enthusiasm that it seems they are determined to awaken a new life in the common schools. The exercises were opened by some well selected songs by the choir which performed their part in a very commendable manner, after which prayer was offered by Rev. G. G. Ragan, followed by another appropriate song by the choir, which was rendered in such melodious strains that it carried cheerfulness to every heart and thoroughly prepared the audience to listen to the profound discussions which followed. Mr. G. U. Fry in a pointed speech discussed "How Can a Uniformity of Text Books be Secured in the Schools of Lincoln County," stating that the law required the county superintendent to prescribe a series of text books for the county to be used five years without change and insisted that this law be enforced. Miss Cettie Thurmond and Squire J. A. Chappell followed with brief addresses after which Supt. W. F. McClary took up "Can Any Plan be Adopted to Grade the Common Schools; if so What is it?" and talked at some length, quoting the law which permits the establishing of graded schools and forcibly impressed upon the patrons the necessity of having good schools at home. Prof. L. T. Cole supplemented the theme with a few remarks followed by Mrs. Cole, who presented a plan to grade the common schools, which was a very systematic one, giving in full the entire course and the required time to complete it. The chisel then broke the monotony of the speaking by another beautiful song, after which the discussions were continued by Prof. L. T. Cole with a 15 minutes' talk on "How Can Satisfactory Literary Work be Conducted in the Common Schools?" detailing many ways in which literary work can be taught successfully. Squire J. A. Chappell then came forward and expatiated upon the important subject of "How Can We Make Our Work a Profession and Attain the Highest Perfection?" sending a broadside at those teachers who taught five months and engaged in farming during the remaining seven and making it plain that it was their duty to devote their entire time to teaching and educating themselves. Miss Cettie Thurmond followed with an interesting paper on the same subject, which was full of good thoughts and suggestions. Mr. Fry supplemented Squire Chappell's remarks with the idea that the school terms should be extended to nine and ten months a year and reasonable wages paid the teachers and then they could afford to devote their whole time to school work. The association adjourned at 10:45 p. m. to meet at the next institute. We think this was the most interesting meeting of any we have had during the year and we feel certain that those who failed to be present lost a grand opportunity to give their aid in this glorious work. There will be a plan presented to the teachers at the next institute to grade the common schools and also a course of study. The superintendent will announce in due time the series of text books to be used the next five years, beginning July 9th. It is hoped that every teacher will give their hearty co-operation and aid in advancing the common schools this coming year.

G. U. Fry, Editor.

Bro. Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, piously remarks: "Profanity is the most foolish of all sins, though the best of us must admit that there are times when it is almost as necessary as the blow-off of an engine." The editor of Bro. Barnes' home organ has evidently met the vice-sins that daily confront every publisher. He has no doubt had his engine received a costly and important special telegram just after his edition was out, or possibly he has even attempted at times to get news over a telephone. In such cases as these it is only profanity that prevents the bursting of blood vessels. Swearing is a foolish vice, as the good brother truly says, but we can not agree that at all times it is a useless waste of breath.—Louisville Post.

POLITICIANS UNGRATEFUL.—It is really amusing to see some of the newspaper boys tearing their hair over some of the candidates for governor. We remember how we once raved over the great Proctor Knott and he returned our faithfulness by a back-handed slap in the face the first opportunity. These great men generally pay their political debts that way. Better go slow boys.—Carlisle Mercury.

JESUS.—Everybody now dies of "heart failure." Von Moltke, at 93, goes by the heart failure route. It's got to be a term that, like charity, covers not only a multitude of sins, but a big volume of doctor's ignorance. We all die when the heart fails.—Lexington Transcript.

Dear girl, why do you keep me constantly on the rack? Jenny—I don't want you to get separated from your hat.—Harper's Bazaar.

JOHN MILLER'S SPEECH.

Made after the Adjournment of the Convention Saturday.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I have lived among you nearly 60 years and never before asked you to listen to anything from me that might be called a speech. If you will give me your attention for five minutes I will tell you as much as many speakers have told you in the same length of time who think they are good speakers, and will agree right now not to bother you again with another speech for 60 years more. As it is my maiden speech, you will excuse me for reading it.

About 1900 years ago there lived somewhere in Asia an old gentleman who had two boys and a pretty full supply of this world's goods. One of them was a good boy, stayed at home and worked hard at hard work. The other was inclined to be guilty; he would curse, swear and blaspheme, gamble at cards, drink strong drink and run down into Sodom after harlots. Finally the home circle got too small for him. He called on his father, "presented his claim" for his part of the goods, went off and was gone for a long time. After spending all his means in riotous living, he came back. The old gentleman saw him "afar off," ran to him, took him in his arms, with his rags, filth, lies, stinks and diseases about him, kissed him, took him to the house, put him in a big tub of water, scrubbed him off with a tow-linen towel, put clean clothes on him, sent him to the Hot Springs, had him cured of all manner of disease, brought him back home, killed the fat cat, the good boy had been feeding and cursing for six months, put a diamond ring on his finger, rigged him up in a Prince Albert or spade tail coat, pair of tight pants, ruffled shirt, standing collar, shoo-fly necktie, patent leather pumps, a baton cane and Derby hat (cuffs and stud buttons were not fashionable then) invited all the girls and boys from the surrounding country and such another dancer and good cheer has not been witnessed on earth until to-day when the democracy met to receive back home the chief of sinners into full fellowship.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

So far as I am individually concerned, it gives me extreme pleasure to be yet honored as the captain of the "Old Guard," and it does seem to me that I have proven myself a great and good evangelist in the democratic cause. Why I have recently been the means of bringing back into the democratic household great numbers of Bro. Montgomery's followers who but yesterday, as it were, in our very last race, made by the gallant Warren whom we propose to further honor, told us that democratic principles were not worth a curse, by several damns, and one old gentleman was so elated and overjoyed at the very idea of getting back home that he actually voted all over town and I believe he handed round the dinner next day at meeting. These gallant men have rallied to the standard of our standard bearer and given him to us as the exponent of pure and undefiled democracy and say that if Mr. Edmiston has not promised the — saloons too much that they may vote for him on the 3d of next August, whether he reads the new constitution or not.

We have met here to-day and crowned him Lord of all that democracy is to possess in Lincoln county for the next two years. We have put a new song in his mouth and he is to go forth singing the praises of Jefferson and his doctrine telling such benighted beings as I what genuine democracy is and to teach Chesterfield politeness.

Such is the man who leads us to-day, and if he leads with that zeal and success that he formerly led the enemy against us, there will go up a shout of victory not heard since the morning stars sung together and all the sons of men shouted for joy.

The sun rises in the "East End" of the county to-day with a brightness not seen for many years; it goes down in the "West End," giving a serene peace and security to a number of gentlemen from up there who hold the basket of ripe plums gathered from the public fruit stand, while here in this temple of justice mighty gather a club of courtly officials who unite in singing—

"When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first began!"

But Dave says since I have begun the good work he intends to extend this reform still further. Amen and amen.

Don't you think I have been the means of accomplishing a great work? The pen-maker is the child of God and the moon are to inherit the earth and surely my time is at hand. I want something right now. I am as poor as Woolsey. I want you to make Dave pass around the hat, take up a collection of \$13 or \$14, take me to Louisville with him to rally around the flag of our gallant Warren and introduce me to every democrat in Kentucky. I think my work as an evangelist has been worth that much.

Democrats, I am at your service, ready, willing, to do battle. Gird on your armor, follow me; the old guard dies, but never surrenders. Dave, don't you wish you could talk that way? Don't you wish you belonged to the old guard? How many of your nice laws will you give for my tongue and head and record? But be of good cheer; we will cleanse you or all your uncleanness and love you freely. Go and sin no more; welcome home; may the Lord send salvation down and make you feel as happy as you well can feel.

I thank you, my countrymen, for your polite attention.

CARE OF LIVE STOCK.

WHY SO MANY HIDES ARE WORTHLESS FOR LEATHER.

The Northwestern Hide and Fur Company have issued a Circular Telling *Steat and Cattle Men How an Animal Ought to Be Skinned.*

The Northwestern Hide and Fur company, of Milwaukee, have made some suggestions about skinning animal carcasses that will be of use to our readers. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the rearers of live stock that every scur, cut or blemish in an animal's skin takes away largely from the value of the dressed hide. Brands upon the body, cuts from ox gads or whips, scratches or burns of any kind run the price of the hide down in rapidly descending scale. Where the live animal has been subjected to cruel treatment the skin is in many cases so injured as to be practically worthless.

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The bank was originally established as the Deposit Bank of Stanford in 1863, then re-organized as the National Bank of Stanford in 1865 and again re-organized as the First National Bank of Stanford in 1867. It has been growing steadily for twelve years and is better supplied now with facilities for transacting business prompt and liberally than ever before in its long and honorable career. Accounts of operations, balance sheet, hints and individuals respectively solicited.

The Directory of this Bank is composed of:

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J. W. Dayson, Stanford;
S. H. Chapman, Lincoln;
J. T. Miller, Mt. Vernon;

S. J. Hart, Lincoln;

J. S. Hawley, Stanford;

J. V. Davis, Lincoln;

J. P. H. Stewart, Stanford;

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To those who entrusted their business to us when starting here, render our many thanks and trust they will continue to transact their business with us, offering as a guarantee for prompt attention to same, our twenty years' experience in banking and its liberal accommodations as are consistent with sound banking.

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J. F. Cash, Stanford;

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